

QUILL



THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

Founded 1912



VOL. XXX

SEPTEMBER, 1942

NUMBER 9

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THE QUILL, a monthly magazine devoted to journalism, is owned and published by Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, which was founded at DePauw University, April 17, 1909.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Five years, \$7.50; one year, \$2.00; single copies, 25 cents.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Fulton, Mo., under the act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in par. 4, sec. 412, P. L. & R.



AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

TWELVE years ago this month, THE QUILL came under its present editorship. Somehow, the magazine has managed to survive the ensuing years.

If those of you who have followed the destinies of the publication from month to month and year to year feel the magazine has improved any with age, credit for that fact belongs to the newspapermen and women, the magazine writers and editors, the teachers and students, also to the non-journalists, who have taken time out from their regular duties to write articles for the magazine.

They did this, these writers both in this country and abroad, knowing they would receive no remuneration other than the appreciation of the editor, and of readers who thereby shared the writers' views, experiences and observations.

To those who have responded so well to requests for articles in their fields go the sincere thanks of the Editor. To those whose aid, counsel and cooperation have helped in so many ways to make the continued editing of the magazine possible, the same sincere appreciation. And to those three who share the editorial abode, our humble and heartfelt tribute for their continued patience and understanding; their help with indexing and cut cataloging; their forbearance with a husband and father who spends most of his so-called spare time with THE QUILL.

The friendships that have come our way through the editing of the magazine have more than repaid us for time spent with it, the never-ending pressure of deadline, hours of reading copy and proof and the countless chores that go with a magazine editing job.

You have been a swell company of readers these many years. It has been a pleasure—at the same time a not lightly-taken obligation and responsibility—to try to find interesting and worthwhile material for your consideration.

How much longer we may continue in your service is something beyond our ken at the moment. Meanwhile, thanks for reading and listening.

DURING the grand jury inquiry in Chicago to determine whether the Chicago Tribune had revealed confidential material in publishing Stanley Johnston's story of June 7, detailing the disposition of the Jap fleet at Midway Island, and saying that the U. S. Navy had advance knowledge of its makeup, we were interested in Johnston's reference to a bit of faking done by H. L. Mencken some years ago.

Johnston, appearing for the hearing carrying a copy of "Jane's Fighting Ships"

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A press conference, German Foreign Office, 5 a. m., April 6, 1941. The purpose, the reading of the announcement of Nazi military operations against Yugoslavia and Greece. At the extreme right is von Ribbentrop.

The Nazis Had No Censorship, BUT—It Was No Picnic Getting News Out of Germany

GERMANY, up to the declaration of war on the United States, was a land which imposed no censorship on neutral newspaper correspondents, BUT—

A correspondent constantly was getting into trouble with the Propaganda Ministry, with the Foreign Office, with the High Command, with the Gestapo, with the policeman on the beat, or the Nazi block inspector whose little jurisdiction covered the correspondent's home.

The tax collectors—income, residence, poll, property, dog, bicycle, automobile, unemployment, pension, special war levy and what not—were a nuisance, too. Several Nazi tax collectors are still looking for me, one of them troubled with the delusion I owe a tax on a postage stamp collection which is lost somewhere in scattered baggage.

But, sending uncensored stories out of a country without a foreign press censorship caused the most grief. Theoretically, it would have been possible for me, the last three years in Germany, to sit down and write a story saying Hitler is a goof, and actually it would have been possible to telephone such a story to our bureaus in Lisbon or Bern for relay to New York. It might even have been filed by German radio, which is watched only by a military censor. The military censor probably agrees Hitler is a goof, and the chances are the story would have reached New York without deletions.

What would have happened to me the next day is another matter. The foreign press is free in Germany, if it doesn't insist on being very free.

By ALVIN STEINKOPF

PERHAPS a few specific instances illustrating how my colleagues and I managed to get into some typical jams might be illuminating.

There was the time, for instance, when Ernest Fischer, of the *Associated Press*, fresh from Dallas and full of the journalistic enthusiasms which are still regarded good form in Texas, covered a foreign office press conference. I was in the office watching the routine.

This particular day, one of the more poisonous foreign office spokesmen was in charge of the conference, and he got going on relations between the Argentine and the United States. The United States was scorched with flaming words, the general idea being that the Colossus of the North was stretching greedy fingers to the south, and was carrying on in a way which amounted to unfair competition to the high-minded Nazi agents and bashful Bundists in South America.

Fischer wrote a little story covering the fireworks adequately. He injected a little human interest, which is the way in Texas, by referring to the spokesman as "portly and youthful." He sought, adroitly, to implant in the mind of the American reader the notion that here was German reaction from a somewhat flamboyant and immature commentator, and that the intemperate remarks probably shouldn't be taken too seriously.

Fischer tossed me the story to file. I argued with him about "portly and youthful," knowing from longer experience how

touchy a Nazi spokesman can be about his midriff. Fischer said those words belonged in there, but we compromised by saying merely, "youthful."

At the foreign office the next day there was another explosion in the presence of a hundred correspondents, not under the Colossus of the North this time, but under Fischer. The portly and youthful spokesman called him a "journalistic gangster," said that such professional naïvete and irresponsibility could be explained only by the fact that Fischer represented the press of a land which places small value on responsibility. Everyone was impressed except Fischer. It was his day off.

THEN there was the time I went to Budapest to try to do something about saving a house full of furniture. The most convenient way to travel to Hungary from Berlin was over the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia. But unless one had a special permit one could not get off the train in the territory of the former republic of Czechoslovakia.

I had no such permit, and on reaching the border had to get into a car which was guarded at each end by policemen. It happened I was the only person traveling through to Hungary, and for the hour the train stopped in a station in Prague two policemen watched me intently to see that I didn't make a move toward the door.

They were agreeable fellows, and I got to talking to them about many things. They explained the travel regulations, saying they regretted they couldn't permit me to walk about Prague, a city with

which I was thoroughly familiar, but offering to get beers if I paid for them. I asked one of the policemen banteringly, "But suppose I jumped through this window and started running into the station?"

He answered, altogether jovially, "If you did that I suppose I would have to shoot you."

BACK in Berlin days later I wrote a harmless piece about the difficulties of traveling through wartime Czechoslovakia, describing my experience and incidentally quoting the remark of the officer who speculated with such good humor on circumstances under which he would shoot me in line of duty.

I had forgotten the story when, some weeks later, an agitated gentleman of the Propaganda Ministry telephoned.

"What in the world are you trying to do down in British Honduras?" he asked.

"I'll guess," I replied. "Just what am I trying to do down in British Honduras which I understand is in the western hemisphere?"

"You are spreading most inexplicable falsehoods, misrepresenting the attitude of German authorities in Bohemia," he answered. "Better get over here."

At the ministry I was shown an exciting headline in Spanish—"Gestapo Threatens Steinkopf with Pistols—Neutral Correspondent Menaced — — —," etc.

Some Spanish language editor had rewritten an AP item with a fine flourish. He had built a lead on an incident I had buried in the story, and he had taken all the good humor out of those placid cops with whom I had drunk beer in the Prague railway yards.

Producing the original story eased that jam a little. But not altogether. Was the *Associated Press* so impotent that it couldn't prevent such abuse of its stories? Were we, the propaganda official wanted to know, going to undertake some punitive measures, possibly make a demarche to British Honduras? I was let off with a promise that I would write a nasty letter to New York, and it occurs to me just now that, from that day to this, I have neglected to write that letter.

ON another occasion I was summoned to take a scolding for a *New York Times* headline.

"Why don't you call Guido Enderis?" I asked. "He's the *New York Times* bureau chief here, and he doesn't write headlines either."

"But it's your story, the AP in the *Times*," was the answer.

So together we read headline and story, an item flirting with the idea that relations between Russia and Germany, in that strange era of eternal friendship between these powers, were deteriorating. The story got by, but a keen copyreader in his headline had pointed a bit sharply a situation I had tried to put across by inference. I had written between the lines while the copyreader, who had no Propaganda Ministry to worry about, had hit the situation on the head.

But I stood pat on my attitude that I didn't write headlines and consequently



Alvin Steinkopf

The story of the arrest and internment of American correspondents in Germany was related in graphic fashion in *The Quill* last month by Clinton B. (Pat) Conger, of the United Press. This month, Alvin Steinkopf, of the Associated Press, another of the internees, reveals some of the difficulties the American correspondents encountered prior to their arrest and internment.

Minnesota-born Alvin Steinkopf has been at the front in two world wars—as a soldier with the 32nd Division of the AEF in World War I, as a reporter for the AP in World War II. He served with the AEF from 1917 to 1919. After being mustered out he spent five years on the St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer-Press* and six years on the Milwaukee (Wis.) *Sentinel* before joining the AP at Milwaukee in 1931.

Transferred to New York City in May, 1934, he moved to Vienna as chief of bureau in November, 1934. After Vienna was enslaved in 1938, Steinkopf became chief of bureau at Budapest. When Nazi domination of Hungary became complete, he moved to Berlin in May, 1939. He covered numerous major stories in the months that followed, then came internment.

Mr. Steinkopf was graduated from Marquette University and worked on Milwaukee papers before enlisting in 1917. After World War I, he attended the University of London for a time, then returned to the United States and journalism.

could assume no responsibility for them, even if they were over my stories.

The Propaganda official slammed his blue pencil on the desk with a gesture of divine impatience and shouted:

"I've heard that evasion as often as I care to. Of course you are responsible for headlines. Your border-line story here suggested precisely the kind of headline this editor wrote. You planted an improper idea in his mind."

SO I lost that argument. But the official was off on a long end run, and he gave me detailed instruction in the responsibilities

of such a news association as the *Associated Press*, which presumes to be an objective, impartial news service.

"I have studied your by-laws, and various statements of policy by your executives," he said. "Admirable as far as they go, but rather superficial, they fail to penetrate to the essential heart of objectivity in news. Let's go right down to it. You say you present an objective news report to the world, and I'll concede you do so fairly well within the limitations you have set for yourself. You have made yourself a reputation for impartiality which has brought you prosperity and esteem.

"But you present this objective news report to newspapers which are subjective, and often worse. Your papers indulge in the most exotic editorial attitudes, toward us often very unenlightened. Objectivity is your grand passion, yet with your objective, and commercially highly valuable reports, you serve and contribute to the prosperity of newspapers which are anything but objective. You are, I should say, either immoral or ethically immature. I compliment your intelligence by saying I incline to the opinion you are immoral."

"Well," I said, "As one immoral gent to another, would you suggest the *Associated Press* should dictate editorial policy to the newspapers it serves?"

"Not dictate, until the operation of the press becomes a function of government in the United States," he replied. "But, if you are moral, you will now withhold your service from papers which deviate from your own ideals of impartiality. You should say, 'Here I offer you clean milk, but you cannot carry it in a dirty vessel.'"

It was a grand lecture, and I left with a promise to write another nasty letter to New York urging that the AP forthwith withhold service from all papers which weren't pro-German.

But they are vastly cynical, and smoothly sophisticated—the learned gentlemen of the Propaganda Ministry. My instructor in ethics knew perfectly well I wasn't going to write any nasty letter to New York, but he permitted me to lie gracefully to end a painful incident. And I knew perfectly well that the next time I caught up with him in an unofficial moment in a bar room he would admit with the utmost goodwill that the American press is far and away the fairest in the world, and that the second worst press in all creation is the German. The worst, Wilhelmstrasse maintains in its off-the-record comment, is the Italian.

THEN one day I caught a telephone call from our harassed Dutch correspondent in Amsterdam. He was risking his skin working for us, because he was subject to the whims of that most capricious of men, D. Arthur Seyss-Inquart, Nazi commissioner of Holland.

The correspondent said he had received from official quarters a report that one Hollander had been executed for anti-German activity, and that death sentences had been imposed on others. The information was from an authentic source, but

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It's Always a Gamble for Action With Sea-Going Scribes



Henry T. Gorrell

"It would be kidding myself to say I wasn't scared!"

A CORRESPONDENT accredited to a naval unit has one of the most uncertain assignments on the war fronts. He is informed that a naval unit is putting out on an undisclosed mission and has places available for newsmen. He must decide whether he wants to go, and be left behind the next time, or await another opportunity.

In other words, it's always a gamble whether he will find he's just had a boat ride, or whether he will see action and come home with a story.

I had such a choice to make last June 13. Correspondents assigned to the British Mediterranean fleet were informed they could accompany a force scheduled to put out from Alexandria within a few hours.

I decided to chance getting a story out of that operation. I rushed home, packed a few essentials hurriedly and was aboard Admiral W. G. Tennant's cruiser by 5 p. m. It was then that I learned that no other reporter had arranged to cover the assignment.

The admiral welcomed me aboard and we were under way before dusk—"mission undisclosed."

ADMIRAL TENNANT was most cordial and reassured me as to the wisdom of my decision to make the trip. "I think you'll find there's an excellent chance for some action," he said.

My "battle station," I was told, would be on the flag deck of the cruiser. A flag lieutenant showed me my quarters and checked the equipment that had been issued me. The contents of my duffel bag stressed the grim nature of modern sea warfare and heightened the impression the Admiral's guarded remarks had given that he hoped to come to grips with the Italian fleet.

Cruising for Copy On the Brink of Hell!

By HENRY T. GORRELL

I was issued an anti-flash hood—a fire-proof covering to protect me against flames from explosion or incendiaries—fire-proofed gauntlets, steel helmet and one of the cumbersome but comforting life preservers which sailors describe as "Mae Wests."

Enemy aircraft spotted our fleet units at 9 p. m. of our first night out.

It gives you a decidedly uncomfortable feeling to hear planes circling above in the dark; to see them drop occasional flares and to know that the enemy is keeping tab on you until daylight and available bases make it possible to attack. We sat up all night with the enemy hovering overhead and our gun crews alert, but no bombs were dropped.

THE real nature of our assignment was revealed the following day when the ship's captain, a veteran of Crete, stepped to the ship's loud-speaker system and informed us:

"We may face the entire strength of our enemies in air, surface and undersea craft, but we shall hit him hard. We are out to help Malta. . . . From now on every man must snatch sleep only as he can."

I went up to the flag deck and watched the ship strip for action. Everything unnecessary, everything inflammable, went overboard.

The first attack came that afternoon. I watched ten JU-88's appear as specks on the horizon and then bear down on us. An officer standing beside me remarked that this was a fine way to spend Sunday. A red flag was hoisted, warning of the attack and calling all hands to battle stations.

The bombers came over at high altitude, dropping bombs in salvos for half an hour. From my vantage point aboard the cruiser I could see the fleet zigzagging in all directions amid the geysers of the exploding bombs. The destroyers literally seem to be spinning around on their sterns. There were no hits and the red flag was lowered, signaling the end of that attack.

That one had seemed bad enough, with the roar of exploding bombs mingling with the din of our anti-aircraft fire and depth charges. But a second attack, an hour later, proved even worse. Dive bombers were sent over for a second thrust, and I rushed back to the bridge. I learned that the penalty for trying to see so much action all at once is a stiff neck. But I forgot all that when I saw two Stukas plunge into the sea after direct hits by our pom-poms, and several others spout smoke and streak for their bases in Crete. During this action one of the mer-

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WHEN a correspondent accredited to a naval unit sets out with a task force on an undisclosed mission he never knows what the result will be—or whether he will return. He may have an uneventful boat ride or all Hell may break loose as it did last June on the Mediterranean when Henry T. Gorrell, United Press staff correspondent, was sailing with the British fleet. His graphic account of his experiences brings the war before your eyes.

Correspondent Gorrell has spent the last eight years covering news on four continents. Once threatened with execution by a Moorish firing squad which captured him during the Spanish Civil War, he survived to be with the British during their last ditch stand in and eventual evacuation from Greece. All his experiences, before and since, he wrote the home office, pale beside the naval action described in this article.

Born in 1911, he gained his first newspaper experience in the Middle West. After working for the Kansas City Journal-Post he joined the UP. He served in the Washington and New York bureaus before being transferred to foreign service. He has been stationed since in the Buenos Aires, Rome and Madrid bureaus and has been in Africa and the Middle East since shortly after the outbreak of the present conflict.

Founded on Fact Folks Like to See Themselves in Print



Carol Marx

Miss Marx, a graduate of the University of Minnesota's School of Journalism, is general manager of the Steele County Photo News, weekly picture paper discussed in the accompanying article.

CHINESE philosophers have observed that a picture is worth 10,000 words, which statement may be adequate for the ordinary run of pictures. But if a small-town weekly prints a good picture of the winners of a local costume party, its reader interest value can't be measured in words, not even thousands of words.

Because in the picture the reader probably would recognize Mrs. Nelson, who lives down the block; the postman who delivers his mail; a fellow member of Rotary; the girl who sells him cigarets at the corner drug store, or even Uncle Joe, if the old boy has taken an interest in costume parties.

Pictures are an interesting part of any paper. And when those pictures feature persons with whom the reader walks and talks, or even just passes every day, their value is multiplied. That's why local pictures are so tremendously popular in a small community.

IT was on this reader interest value of pictures—local pictures—that the Steele County Photo News was founded at Owatonna, Minn., in the spring of 1938. And it is on the same value that this lively little weekly, "First photo-lithographic newspaper in the Northwest," continues to build its popularity.

Published by the Steele County Photo News Co., the paper is the baby of three veteran journalists—Hugh Soper and Carol Marx of Owatonna, and G. W. Aasgaard, who still maintains his residence at Lake Mills, Iowa. Mr. Soper served as editor of the paper until called to duty as a captain with the Armed Forces of the United States. He maintains contact with the paper as editor-in-

Weekly Picture Paper Thrives in Small Town

By WILFRED LINGREN

absentia and continues to write the editorials.

Miss Carol Marx, a graduate of the University of Minnesota's school of journalism, and former advertising manager for the Owatonna Journal Chronicle, is general manager of Photo News.

There are many up-and-coming weeklies that print a couple of good local pictures each week. Some even have their own one-man engraving plants. But there's not a letterpress weekly in the country than can match the record of Photo News: an average of between 20 and 30 pictures each week, aggregating about 1,500 a year! And in those pictures one year were 10,000 recognizable faces, by actual count. Few persons in Owatonna haven't had their pictures in the paper.

Of course, you say it's not fair to compare letterpress publishing with offset. But just the same the picture coverage is there, and that's the feature in which the reader is interested.

LET'S take a look at what an editor and an advertising man have to work with on a photo-lithographic paper. Let's see what can be done—and has been done on Photo News—in the publication of a small-town newspaper by the offset process.

First, let's consider what happens to news copy, pictures and ad copy after

they leave the front office. An efficient press day at Photo News calls for near-perfect coordination. News proofs, ad layouts and screened negatives of pictures must hit the make-up desk at somewhere near the same time or the press schedule will be worthless.

News copy goes through the same processing as on any paper until it reaches the "corrected-galleys" stage. Then, with heads in place, final proofs are pulled on a good quality paper. Headline banners are proofed up in a similar manner and it is these final proofs that go onto the pasteup sheets when the paper is made up.

Ad copy goes through the same process. An artist makes up the individual ads from the final proofs, supplementing them on occasion with hand lettering or illustration.

News pictures go to the giant photo-lithographic camera in print form. Here they are "shot" through an 85-line screen and the resultant negative goes to the make-up desk.

THEN comes a job that a nervous person can't do. Making up the paper requires good eyes, steady hands and not a little amount of patience.

"It's in the stage of make-up, or more accurately, paste-up, that attractiveness

LAST month The Quill presented an interesting discussion on the use of pictures in a weekly newspaper. Written by Alan C. McIntosh, editor and publisher of the Rock County Star, Luverne, Minn., it contained numerous valuable suggestions pertaining to the presentation of pictures in a weekly.

We are happy to follow that article with another interesting discussion pertaining to pictures. The paper concerned is again a Minnesota weekly, the Steele County Photo News, of Owatonna, which, in addition to being a picture weekly, is the Northwest's first photo-lithographic paper.

The story of this small-town weekly picture paper is told by Wilfred Lingren, former managing editor of the paper. He has attended the Schools of Journalism at the University of Southern California and the University of Minnesota; was initiated into Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, at the latter school, and was managing editor of Photo News from January, 1941, until May, 1941, when he joined the staff of the Miller Publishing Co., Minneapolis, as an editor of the Northwestern Miller. He is studying part time at the University of Minnesota to finish work for his degree.

can be made or lost," Miss Marx points out.

"The opportunity for originality is almost unlimited. But a careless job here will mean a sloppy-looking paper in the hands of the readers."

The same principles and rules of letterpress make-up govern make-up in the off-set process, but the editor is working with different tools. Instead of dropping type and cuts into a form, he is pasting proofs on a dummy page. Finished ads are pasted where they belong. White space, measured accurately from the screened negative, is marked off on the dummy page where the "cuts" are to go. The screened negatives will be fitted into the page negative later.

When a page is made up it is a full-sized model of the finished product. If it's a clean-cut model, with heads straight in the columns and without drooping banner lines, it will be a clean-cut page when it comes off the press.

From the make-up table the paste-up sheet goes to the giant camera. A straight line shot is made—without a screen—and the resultant negative is full-page size, looking like a page of the paper but in reverse, with blank spaces into which the screened negatives of the pictures will be fitted.

The page negative, with screened negatives fitted in, then goes to the plate-making department. A page-size, positive zinc plate is processed. It is this zinc plate that goes on the press where the impression is transferred onto a rubber-blanked roller and is offset onto the paper.

THE foregoing outline gives something of an idea of the work involved in the actual printing. Methods used in the process which differ from letterpress are easily seen. Now let's consider just how they affect the editorial and the advertising departments of a photo-offset paper.

A more fertile field for originality than on a photo-offset paper does not exist in the weekly press. An advertising man has an endless opportunity to give his accounts the advantage of individualism. Variety of layout and opportunity for extensive use of illustration—what a set-up for a fellow with ideas!

Cost of labor composition of an out-of-the-ordinary layout is reduced materially through the paste-up process. An artist, with a pair of scissors, paste and drawing ink, can put an individual touch on a layout. If a cut or some copy is wanted in an unusual position, it can be pasted in that way. It's as simple as keeping a scrapbook.

Pictures, of course, can be used extensively. If a merchant has a window he's particularly proud of, he will get increased values from it through an illustrated advertisement.

"We've used that type of illustrated layout lots of times," recalls Miss Marx, who as general manager handles most of the advertising contacts. "And new merchants and professional men coming into the town can best introduce themselves through a picture in their ad."

If a department store manager has a



This typical front page of the Steele County Photo News, first photo-lith paper in the Northwest, shows its lavish use of photos. The paper prints some 1,500 pictures a year in a small town!

line of dresses he wants to push, he doesn't have to go to a standard cut file to illustrate his ad. He can use pictures of his stock in his store . . . and with local models.

"You can't beat that combination for interest appeal in a small town," according to Miss Marx.

OPPORTUNITIES for illustration do not stop with pictures. Any drawing or printed pictures may be clipped and used



Wilfred Lingren

Mr. Lingren, former managing editor of the Steele County Photo News, tells its interesting story in the accompanying article.

on the paste-up without preliminary screening. Anyone not familiar with off-set publishing cannot realize the full possibilities of the use of illustration with this process.

"Hand lettering offers another opportunity for originality," Miss Marx points out. "A shop artist can make an advertisement distinctive with but a single hand-lettered word. Handwriting, too, adds a touch of individuality. A merchant's can sign his message to his customers in his own handwriting."

And you can't overlook the possibilities of using a typewriter. Some offset publications, mostly shopping guides, use the typewriter and hand lettering almost entirely. That's pretty dull. But Miss Marx has found that an advertisement reproducing a typewritten letter, on the advertiser's own letterhead and with the advertiser's signature, draws a lot of attention through its individuality. And that's not the only advantage. There's a big saving in linotype composition in the long run.

An alert advertising man on an offset paper can effect a material saving in composition cost with a little ingenuity.

Most grocery stores use handbills. Chain stores especially receive ready-printed broadsides from their headquarters. A grocery ad in an offset paper can be made up from the clipped handbill. Sometimes a handbill can be reproduced in full without alteration.

But a discussion of the possibilities for originality in advertising layout could go on indefinitely. Each account, each issue, offers a new challenge to the alert advertising man.

ON the editorial side, too, there lies a field of opportunity. An editor could ask little more for the production of an interesting newspaper than an almost unlimited use of local pictures. Pictures are more important to the photo-lithographic papers than news . . . and they're a lot harder to get. The telephone won't help the photographer. Nor will eye witnesses. He's got to be there. And you'd be surprised how many places there are "to be" in the ordinary small town.

Before discussing pictures, let's look at some offset production methods that an editor can use to save labor and time and to pep up the paper.

There's a big field for cartoons and drawings, *Photo News* has found. Original local ones are the best, drawn by a staff artist or a local amateur. They can be used on the paste-up without preliminary screening. Local features, originated by local persons and built on local happenings, are the best selling points for a small-town publisher who wants to keep his paper a community necessity in the face of the spreading distribution of the metropolitan press.

Originality and attractiveness may be achieved on an offset paper with layouts that would be costly in a letterpress shop. Cutlines mortised into pictures can be striking, if not overdone. Special editions can be labeled effectively with a mortise in the nameplate of the paper.

[Concluded on page 12]



C. M. Ripley

"Short words help give your stuff punch!"

SHORT words and sentences add clearness to letters, rules, advertisements, instructions, pep-talks and even formal speeches, to say nothing of newspaper copy.

Many examples show that simple language has been used liberally by the "Masters" of literature.

Executives who use short sentences and short words are not likely to be misunderstood, or *half* understood.

We can write so everybody instantly knows just what we mean, and *all* we mean. They can also better remember what we said, or wrote.

SHAKESPEARE wrote: "An honest tale speeds best when plainly told."—*Richard III.*

We must "tell the truthful story of our work, in terms which all can understand." Thus spoke Philip D. Reed, Chairman of General Electric, at a meeting in Milwaukee in February, 1940. Mr. Reed agrees with Mr. Shakespeare in two respects: It must be a *truthful* story, and it must be told *plainly*.

And he warned us not to imitate the "doctor with his Latin terms for common ailments and his unreadable prescriptions; or the lawyer with his antique and * * * incomprehensible verbiage; or the engineer and chemist with their symbols, terms, and formulae which defy understanding except by those similarly trained. * * * IT (meaning that kind of language) CANNOT AND MUST NOT BE APPLIED TO THE FIELD OF BUSINESS AND ECONOMICS."

"Believe It or Not" Ripley vouches for this:

A French physician cured thousands with the following (miraculous) formula:

Aqua Fontis	100 gr.
Illa Repetita	40 gr.
Idem Stillata	12 gr.
Hydrogen Protoxid	.32 gr.
Nil Aliud	1.25 gr.

Don't Use Big Words If Little Ones Will Do

By C. M. RIPLEY

Translated

Spring water	100 gr.
Repeat same	40 gr.
Same distilled	12 gr.
H ₂ O	.32 gr.
Nothing else	1.25 gr.

A very funny burlesque of "Latin terms for common ailments" was broadcast over WGY last November. Fibber McGee had a black eye—and a big one! He and Molly were in the doctor's office.

THE DOCTOR: "Hold still, McGee! . . . Hmmm . . . yes, yes, yes. . . . The capillary engorgement seems to have involved quite an area of epidermic infusion, but the iris, cornea and vital venous structures appear to be affected in only a minor degree by either impact or abrasion—a pretty severe contusion."

MOLLY: "Yes—and it's badly bruised too!"

A woman sued for \$10,000 damages, claiming that after the auto accident she could only whisper. Two doctors said she had only "voluntary aphonia." This means she could talk louder if she wanted to.

HERE is an example of lawyers' "antique and incomprehensible verbiage":

A man had been hurt in a railroad

wreck. Lying in bed, he told his story to a lawyer.

MAN: "Say—yuh kin get me a big wad o' dough outa de comp'ny—can't yuh?"

LAWYER: "In my opinion, a complaint sounding in tort may be drawn based upon the doctrine of *res ipsa loquitur*. A *prima facie* case can thus be alleged and, if the defendant fails to rebut the presumption of negligence so raised by the allegations, your evidence should be sufficient to sustain a verdict."

All that means: "You have a good chance to win because the company must prove the wreck was not its fault."

An engineer might say:

"The resistance and reactance inherent in the design of this motor are of such an order of magnitude as to prevent a flow of current sufficient to bring it up to full speed, in spite of the fact that the motor is equipped with an amortisseur winding."

He could say: "The motor is too small for the job."

NOW here's what happens when technical verbiage is "applied to the field of business and economics":

The following appeared in a booklet

THAT there's plenty of interest in newspaper style—or lack of it—has been evidenced to the Editor of *The Quill* ever since two articles appeared in the June issue—the first by Joseph Landau, head of the copy desk of the Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal*, lambasting newspaper style, and the second, A. Gayle Waldrop's interesting analysis of Winston Churchill's ability as a master of words.

The accompanying article is one of several that have come to *The Quill* since the June articles were published. A plea for short, forceful words in copy, advertising, speeches, letters and what-not, it presents an interesting array of examples from word masters of the past.

C. M. Ripley, the author, is a world traveler, lecturer and engineer, attached to the publicity department of the General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y. A native of Indianapolis, Ind., he was graduated from Purdue University in 1904 with a B.S. degree in electrical engineering, receiving an E.E. degree from the same university in 1914. He has been with General Electric since 1916. The author of "Life in a Large Manufacturing Plant" and "Romance of a Great Factory," he is known widely for his graphic story of the romance of electrical energy—its transmission, distribution and use.

mailed to city officials all over the country: "The significance of this widespread problem can be grasped when it is recognized that the phenomenal growth of cities which has taken place during the past several decades is attributable to our efforts, in this industrial era, to achieve convenient physical accessibility between the many interdependent parts of our intricate economic and social mechanism."

What the author says is that our cities have grown because of good transit systems.

And here's another "honey"—a scholastic example:

"The older gods of power are melting in the fierce heat of modern social forces. The great problem of the future is the construction of new patterns of human association, bringing together the scattered elements now often found apart."

Benjamin DeCasseres ran that in his column in the Hearst papers and commented: "The above was uttered by Prof. Charles D. Merriam of the University of Chicago. What he means to say is this: 'Things are changing.' Why all this hifalutin' jargon about the older gods of power and new patterns of human association? Don't use grandiose sentences in place of simple, clear, definite statements."

Wasn't it Samuel Johnson who said that language was invented to conceal thought?

WHEN I was a boy in Indiana, we used to poke fun at "over-cultured" Boston, where it was claimed people never yelled "Fire," but exclaimed, "Conflagration, conflagration, hasten hither with the apparatus for extinguishing combustion."

Then there was the funny song: "Poor Old Uncle Ned, he died long ago, long ago."

The Boston version was, "A colored individual whose cognomen was Uncle Edward, departed this life some time since, some time since!"

Here is a more modern example:

Charlie McCarthy wanted to hire a cook and was interviewing an applicant:

CHEF: I am a famous chef and caterer. I am a past master of the culinary art.

CHARLIE: But, can you cook?

By way of contrast: Ben Franklin wrote: "Dost thou love life? Then do not waste time, for that is the stuff life is made of." (All these words have only one syllable.) And: "For the want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for the want of a shoe, the horse was lost; for the want of a horse, the rider was lost." (All "monos" but "rider.")

And the Sermon on the Mount contains scores of short ones—"And when He had said these things, He cried 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear; and he that hath eyes to see, let him see.'"

From a book of essays on "How to Write," the following is quoted from memory:

"At any given moment your readers, or your hearers, have just so much mental energy. If they must spend that energy trying to understand what you are

saying, there will be no energy left to digest what you have said."

MOTHER GOOSE and other rhymes in nursery days blazed the trail, and paved the road from the eye to the brain, and from the ear to the brain, for the easy and rapid passage of short words like hot, cold, cook, fast, quick, whip, dog, cat, ice.

It's easy to remember short words. For instance "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" is 90 per cent monos; "Old King Cole" and "Jack Spratt could eat no fat" are each 92 per cent; "Mary had a little lamb," is 96 per cent. The first four verses of "The House that Jack Built" contain 99 per cent monosyllables; and the first 69 words are all monos.

After some 50 years I can still recite parts of "Slovenly Peter." Here's one:

"Out of the house, off to the fields,
swift as a flash she flew;
And there alas, alack, found her
Jacob split in two!"

What is true of short words is also true of short sentences. In reading a long sentence I forget the first part, before I get to the last part. Thus only a portion of the writer's idea is "digested." But I get all the meaning if I can digest one short sentence after another. One at a time, step by step, I can "follow you." A long sentence is like "bolting" your food. But several short sentences are like taking small bites, and chewing them well. That aids "digestion."

Just recently I read a sentence of 130 words. If it had been split up into three or four sentences, each would have packed a wallop. And in a newspaper advertisement of tax sales on real estate in Goshen, New York, there were two solid pages of fine print, containing thousands of words. It was all one sentence—with only one period. Bet it was written by a lawyer!

Perhaps one reason for Arthur Brisbane's remarkable success in building the circulation of the *New York Journal* was his use of short words and sentences. "First see it clearly, for only then can you tell it plainly," he once wrote.

STEINMETZ'S favorite authors were Mark Twain, Jack London, and Kipling, whom he called the Poet of the Engineer. From the volume "The Seven Seas," he loved to quote that part of "McAndrew's Hymn" where Kipling traced the progress of Marine Engineering:

"—the auld Fleet Engineer
That started as a boiler whelp—
when steam and he were low.
I mind the time we used to serve
a broken pipe wi' tow!
Ten pound was all the pressure
than—Eh! Eh!—a man wad
drive;
An' here, our workin' gauges give
one hunder sixty five!
We're creepin' on wi' each new rig
—less weight an' larger power:
There'll be the loco boiler next an'
thirty miles an hour!
Thirty an' more. What I ha' seen
since ocean steam began

Leaves me na doot for the machine:
but what about the man?"

Out of these 98 yards, one has 3 syllables, 18 have 2 syllables, and 79 have only one syllable!

And in the same volume appears "The Mary Gloster." Steinmetz's favorite passage in this poem was where the rich ship-builder, on his death-bed, told his son how he achieved engineering leadership:

"I knew—I knew what was coming,
when we bid on the Byfleet's
keel—
They piddled and piffled with iron.
I'd given my order for steel!
Steel and the first expansions. It
paid, I tell you, it paid,
When we came with our nine knot
freighters and collared the long
run trade!
And they asked me how I did it, and
I gave 'em the Scripture text,
'You keep your light so shining a
little in front o' the next!'
They copied all they could follow,
but they couldn't copy my mind,
And I left 'em sweating and stealing
a year and a half behind."

Out of these 104 words one has 3 syllables, 17 have two and 86 have only one!

In Kipling's poem "If," 97 per cent of all the words have two syllables or less, and 86 1/2 per cent are even monosyllables!

Perhaps that's why so many can quote Kipling from memory. Short words stick!

"The Ballad of Reading Gaol" by Oscar Wilde has 4,350 words. Only 84 of these words have more than two syllables—i.e., 98 per cent have two syllables or less.

NOW, you might say that all the above quotations were selected just to prove a point, but that they don't prove anything, that all they do is show that sometimes some people wrote some things in short words.

But before I was born, a book lover named Bartlett selected the most famous passages in the literature of all ages and all languages. The 1,500-page book is called "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," and every library has a copy (the index alone takes over 400 pages). From all the English literature which was written in the 300 years before Shakespeare, Bartlett selected only 363 quotations which he thought deserved to live. That averages only about one quotation per year which he preserved.

These quotations contain 4,030 words, or an average of only 11 words each. Think of it—Bartlett felt that from the writings of the English during three centuries only 11 words per year deserved to live!

And of these 4,030 words that Bartlett sifted out, 3,025 had only one syllable—that's over 75 per cent.

To sum up, all the sentences (or quotations) averaged only 11 words each; and over 3/4 of these words have but one syllable. Of such are the gems of literature that have lived now 300 to 600 years. (They were from Chaucer, Heywood, Sir

[Concluded on page 14]



Pictured in a pre-edition huddle in the New York offices of YANK, the Army Newspaper, are, left to right, S/Sergt. Harry Brown, assistant managing editor; Sergt. M. M. Morris, staff writer; T/Sergt. Bill Richardson, managing editor, and S/Sergt. Robert Moora, news editor.

FREE AMERICA has produced a fighting Army for this Battle of Democracy. And out of that Army has come a fighting periodical: YANK, the Army Newspaper, official War Department publication for the men in khaki.

The 24 page weekly tabloid was born in the spring of this year, at a time when America's thunder was first beginning to roll. From the ranks of citizen-soldiers, the Army drew a staff of expert journalists—writers, editors, artists, photographers—every man of whom had marched and drilled and sweated with the tools of war.

They weren't geniuses. They were only soldiers like the rest—soldiers who could do a job. And the job is being done today, not only in the editorial offices at 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, but in the battle zones themselves. YANK correspondents have been sent to the far corners of the world to report the activities of our AEF. They will write and fight, if necessary. And YANK will print stories of what they see and do.

THE paper is organized on a business basis with specialized departments, each handling a specific part of the operation. Largest single unit is, of course, the editorial department. Under the guidance of Executive Editor, Capt. Hartzell Spence, soldier-editors, reporters, rewrite men, legmen, copy readers and photographers gather the news and put it in proper shape for publication.

Managing editor is selectee Bill Richardson, 23, former Sunday Editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. Assisting him is S/Sergt. Harry Brown, former member of the staff of the New Yorker. Under them are writers from all parts of the country who have worked on newspapers,

magazines and in publishing houses. Most of them wrote for the camp papers of their former stations.

An art department illustrates the articles with drawings and cartoons, prepares maps, layout and headings. The art staff includes S/Sergt. Dave Breger, creator of the "Private Breger" cartoons; Sergt. Ralph Stein and Corp. Pete Paris. Feature editor is S/Sergt. Douglas Borgstedt, whose cartoons have appeared in *Collier's*, *Saturday Evening Post* and other national publications.

Despite this impressive array of personalities, all the men on the staff have been drawn from the infantry, artillery, signal corps, medical corps, detached service—practically every branch of the Service.

In order to have complete coverage of the war news, bureaus are being established in the major war zones overseas. Largest of these bureaus will be in London and Australia, where small, but complete staffs will manage the various departments, including Editorial, Production, Circulation and Accounting. In the future, YANK may actually be printed in certain overseas areas.

THE successor to World War I's *Stars and Stripes* is "put to bed" each week in a genuine newspaper atmosphere. City desk, copy desks, not to mention the floor, are littered with papers. A teletype machine clacks out the latest over-the-wire news. Typewriters bang incessantly.

YANK is for men in the Service only. Johnny Doughboy, whether he is in the United States, Ireland, Australia, Iceland, Alaska, or any remote corner of the earth can buy YANK at his Army Exchange for 5 cents a copy. Or, he can fill

Facts for F



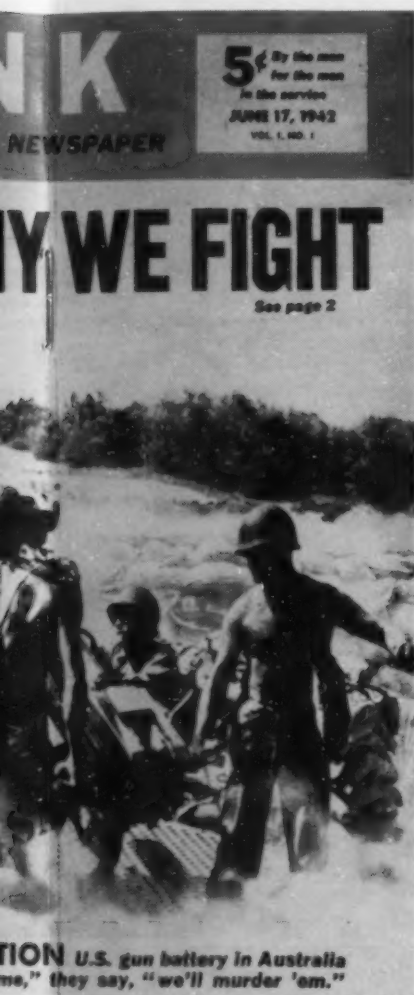
This is the cover of the first is

By CORP. DONALD

LAST month The Quill brought you and many of the other newspapers the press of the Red Army of Russia. The story of YANK, the newspaper successor to the famed *Stars and Stripes*, quickly winning its place in the fighting men.

Corp. Donald E. Cooke, who tells of words, was the editor of the *Juvenile* the David McKay Co., Philadelphia, Army; also assistant instructor of the Philadelphia School of Industrial Art, founded in June, 1938. Entering the Army, he was assigned to Field Artillery at Lincoln. There he wrote weekly articles. With the inception of YANK, he w

or Fighters



of the first issue of YANK.

RONALD E. COOKE

brought you the story of Red Star newspapers making up the Army Russia. This month we bring you newspaper of the U. S. Army. Success and Stripes of World War I, it is in the regard of Uncle Sam's

who tells the story with no waste of the juvenile book department for Philadelphia, Pa., before entering the tractor of illustration at the Philadelphia Art, from which he was graduating the Army on Dec. 8, 1941, he artillery at Fort Bragg, North Carolina articles for the Fort Bragg Post. YANK, he was assigned to its staff.



Two of the outstanding staff members of YANK are pictured here at work "Somewhere in the Field." Left to right they are: T/Sergt. B. H. Scott, correspondent, and S/Sergt. Dave Breger, cartoonist.

out one of the subscription blanks printed in the paper and receive 26 issues (6 months) for 75 cents. Subscriptions will be handled directly through the New York Office.

A promotion department turns out posters, flyers and other advertising material to stimulate the sale of YANK, while another section of the circulation department handles the mailing and shipping and the taking of subscriptions.

FIRST issue rolled off the press on June 12, 1942. It was dated June 17. On page 2 of Vol. I, No. 1, appears a message from President Roosevelt, from which we quote as follows:

"In YANK, you have established a publication which cannot be understood by your enemies. It is inconceivable to them that a soldier should be allowed to express his own thoughts, his ideas and his opinions. It is inconceivable to them that any soldiers—or any citizens, for that matter—should have any thoughts other than those dictated by their leaders.

"But here is evidence that you have your own ideas and the intelligence and the humor and the freedom to express them. . . .

"... I hope that for you men of our Armed Forces this paper will be a link with your families and your friends. As your Commander in Chief, I look forward myself to reading YANK—every issue of it—from cover to cover."

YANK is printed by rotogravure process which gives unusual depth and richness to the many photographs, maps and drawings that appear in its pages.

Among the regular features are a series of articles on our enemies as well as our allies; the articles describe personnel, training and fighting equipment of the various armies. There is a weekly news summary, illustrated by large maps showing developments on major fronts. Sports, radio and movies are covered on special pages, while every issue contains a page of cartoons by soldier-artists.

As part of the promotional plan, a number of short wave radio programs have been established with YANK as the sponsor. These broadcasts, under the titles G.I. (Govt. Issue) News and G.I. Jive, send news and latest swing music to the boys overseas.

THE newspaper is a part of the Army's Special Service program which includes a vast number of projects for the entertainment, diversion and education of American troops at home and abroad.

While the members of the YANK staff still retain the colored piping on their caps, representing the different branches of service from which they were drawn, they will wear a special sleeve insignia. The insignia will consist of a star and the letter "Y" and will correspond to the colorful divisional insignia worn by other troops.

Foreign correspondents will have the additional word, "correspondent," sewed under the YANK "Y."

YANK aims to give accurate news and rousing entertainment to the soldier in the ranks, written and presented in an unadorned, down-to-earth manner. It will be man to man, one soldier to another. Such a policy will not only keep soldiers informed and interested—it will stimulate their sense of humor, their fighting ardor and as a result, an irrepressible will to victory.

Weekly Picture Paper

[Concluded from page 7]

And again all the make-up man needs is scissors and paste.

Maps and diagrams from other publications may be clipped and used on the paste-up. Pictures, too, can be "lifted." And if a filler article is needed, whole stories can come out of somebody else's paper, though you've got to remember copyright restrictions.

"Department and column headings may be dressed up with little effort," Miss Marx says. "If we see a display we like in another publication, we can adapt it to *Photo News* with a little remodeling."

It is apparent that there is liberal opportunity for originality in make-up. The only limits are set by typographical common sense.

ECONOMY can be effected in labor and cost through an alert use of the process. Any filler material, from one- and two-line sentences to longer features and illustrations, can be clipped and used without composition cost. On large statistical tables time and labor can be saved by using the typewritten copy. This is especially well adapted to presentation of election returns. The typewritten copy may be reduced by an additional "shooting" with the photo-lithographic camera.

For economy in production, content of a photo-lithographic paper should be at least 40 per cent pictorial. But the value of pictures is not in economy alone. More important, they are what make *Photo News* a "must" publication in every home that wants to keep up with Owatonna's community life.

Personalities figure as the most important objective of a small-town editor's camera. Pictures of people—that's what will make readers pore over the paper . . . the more people the better. Banquets, parties, dances, picnics, meetings—anything that brings people together in groups is worth covering with a camera. It doesn't matter especially whether a club is having its routine semi-monthly

dance or its annual formal dinner-dance, readers like to see their pictures in the paper, and pictures of their neighbors.

A shot of a banquet hall taken from a balcony, even though it doesn't show a single face in detail, gets a lot more attention than a close-up of the speaker's table, the publishers of *Photo News* have found. If a reader can point to the shaded outline of a head in the corner of the picture, and say "That's me," he is going to be a lot happier than if he just gets to see how many olives the principal speaker of the evening had on his plate. That may sound funny to the metropolitan news cameraman. But remember that the reader knows every person at the banquet personally and to him the most important people there are his neighbors.

"Children, from babies through high schoolers, offer wonderful opportunities for the news camera," Miss Marx advises. "Parents are prouder when their child's picture is in the paper than when their own makes the community news columns. High school activities especially can be given full pictorial coverage to good advantage. There is always reader interest in them, and the future popularity of the paper can best be built by making a hit with students in high school."

PORTRAITS are important for use with big news stories about local figures. Most persons gladly furnish a print for the paper's files. Once prepared, a screened negative of a picture can be filed and brought out for future use, so there is little long-run cost in keeping a good portrait file.

Readers like to see pictures they have taken get into the paper, too.

"Although an editor will get few prints he can use," Miss Marx says, "readers should always be invited to stop in with their interesting pictures."

Illustrations in the "letters to the editor" department are always popular. *Photo News* recently ran a series of reader complaints of local traffic hazards. Illustration made the complaints a lot more effective and the pictures caused much comment, which, after all, is what a letters column is designed to do.

There is always an opportunity to give the reader an unusual picture. There are human interest angles in almost every block, and every news event offers a chance for an unusual shot.

Pictures are what make the photo-offset newspaper. And while the nation's war program would make it virtually impossible for a new photo-lithographic paper to thrive, most of the picture ideas discussed here can be used to good advantage by a letterpress paper. Readers of a small-town paper like to see their pictures and those of their neighbors in the paper, and any weekly would be well paid in popularity for an increased use of good local pictures.

PHOTO NEWS photographers try for a lot of different picture angles. There was the time while I was with the paper when a couple of us climbed a 120-foot aerial pole at the county fair to get a picture of the grandstand crowd. It was a swell shot, but with the pole swaying in a stiff wind there were moments when we'd rather have been linotype operators. Pictures of the town from an airplane have a tremendous interest. Few townspeople get to see their city from the air and it's a unique angle they like.

Accidents always are good for picture coverage. No words can portray a wreckage as vividly as a picture. Some of the unusual shots *Photo News* has gotten were of semi-trailer accidents. One showed a driver burned to death in his cab.

Then there was the fellow who came to town and claimed he was a human cork. He couldn't sink in water, he said, even with heavy weights strapped on him. That would make an unbelievable story without illustrations. But the pictures of his demonstration at the high school pool had plenty of reader interest.

Animals are always doing something that will make people laugh or cry, even if the pictures are planned. Dogs, especially, are good camera subjects.

OF course, there are a lot of unusual angles you don't expect, and you've got to be careful with some of them. One night at Owatonna, a table of important people at a dinner-dance decided they'd rather not have beer and liquor bottles in front of them when the picture came out in the paper.

They lined up the bottles on the floor, but the camera was at an angle so that it caught them anyway. Nobody noticed it until it came out in the paper—a pair of feet and a bottle, a pair of feet and a bottle. It was a little embarrassing, but it had a lot more reader interest that way!

When the national guard left town under mobilization orders, we wanted a picture of a soldier kissing his sweetheart goodbye. It was hard to work in the jostling crowd. The train was ready to leave and we still didn't have a shot of a kiss. So we asked one of the few soldiers who were not on board to give an enthusiastic farewell to the girl who stood beside him. He did. Then we found out they hadn't seen each other before in their lives. That turned out all right, though. Last we heard she was still corresponding with him.

Then there was the evening when the wife of a prominent local citizen was loading up in a hotel bar room. A couple of us from the paper, waiting to get into the banquet room, happened to be sitting there with the camera. The wife of the p.l.c. was in a mood of amorous hospitality. She came over and threw her arms around one of us, dared us to take the picture. We did.

But you can't print stuff like that, even though there's not a person in town who wouldn't pay a buck to see it.

I guess you can get pictures with too much reader interest in a small town!

It's New!

Members of Sigma Delta Chi may now obtain the new handsome ring illustrated below, in gold or sterling with plain, enameled or onyx top.



For prices, write to Sigma Delta Chi, 35 East Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill., or to the fraternity's official jeweler—

L. G. BALFOUR CO.
ATTLEBORO MASS.

• THE BOOK BEAT •

Casey's Case-Book

I CAN'T FORGET! By Robert J. Casey. 399 pp. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis and New York. \$3.

There's been a lot of swell writing by correspondents who have covered various fronts of World War II. None has surpassed and few have equalled, to this reviewer's notion, the dispatches pounded out by veteran Robert J. (Bob) Casey of the Chicago Daily News' staff.

Whenever there's a Casey by-line in our favorite sheet we find time for his piece, regardless of whether we get through the rest of the paper that day or not. So you can readily see that we are somewhat prejudiced.

We've been "busting" to get at his latest book, "I Can't Forget," ever since it landed in our possession. We figured we'd be in for some excellent reading—and we were right! This is an accounting of Correspondent's Casey's experiences and observations in France, Luxembourg, Germany, Belgium, Spain and England.

It begins in France in the early days of the war—that period referred to as the "Phoney War," the "Sitzkrieg" and other equally light titles. Casey went to Luxembourg, where he saw the war clouds become increasingly black. He made that almost incredible trip through the Siegfried Line with Walter Kerr, of the New York Herald Tribune.

Then he moved into Belgium and Holland, then to France and back to Luxembourg, getting out just ahead of the Gestapo. He was in Nancy, France, on May 10, 1940, when the Nazi bombs suddenly turned the "phoney" war into an opening overture of the symphony of destruction that was to come so swiftly.

He witnessed the Battle of Longwy, which, in history, probably "will not be much more than an agate-type footnote to a chapter on the German push through Belgium" but which was "very important to people who read newspapers in May (1940) because it was the first fight on the Western Front to be reported by witnesses."

CASEY and newspaper associates were among the countless thousands who participated in the retreat from Paris, as he puts it "contributors to chaos." They made their way to Tours, to Bordeaux, finally into Spain and then to England.

Never pushing on the loud pedal, Casey weaves an unforgettable account of "one of the great tragedies of history," that milling, exhausted, endless, procession of people that streamed anywhere, everywhere, seeking some avenue of escape from the Nazi horde. There is no attempt to pile horror on horror, bomb-burst on bomb-burst, to give you a series of shudders, yet with all the restraint, you have no difficulty in gathering that it was no picnic that France endured at the hands of the Nazis.

THE QUILL for September, 1942

Book Bulletins

ONLY THE STARS ARE NEUTRAL, by Quentin Reynolds. 299 pp. Random House, 20 East 57th St., New York. \$2.50.

In a volume he describes as being "as personal as a toothache," Quentin Reynolds, whose articles in *Collier's* and previous books have brought the war vividly to countless thousands of American readers shares more of his experiences as a foreign correspondent. "I will leave the profound dissertations," he remarks, "to those who have watched the war from the vantage point of great distances." The backgrounds are London, Moscow, Africa, Egypt and elsewhere; the stories full of adventure on many fronts.

★

ASSIGNMENT TO BERLIN, by Harry W. Flannery. 439 pp. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$3.

Here is a picture of Germany in eventful 1941, written by the man who succeeded William L. Shirer as the representative of the Columbia Broadcasting System in Berlin. It is a revealing picture of Germany on the eve of the outbreak of war between the Nazis and America. Mr. Flannery was graduated from Notre Dame in 1923 with a degree in journalism. He worked with newspapers in Hagerstown, Baltimore, Chicago, Decatur, Albany and Fort Wayne before entering radio work 10 years ago. He was with WOW in Fort Wayne and KMOX in St. Louis before going to Berlin; is now with Columbia on the Pacific Coast.

★

WASHINGTON IS LIKE THAT, by W. M. Kiplinger. 522 pp. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. \$3.50.

Here, a book that has been widely heralded, is a volume that will give you a more complete picture of Washington than you could gain in years of residence there. There's little, if anything, the author has overlooked in assembling this penetrating, painstaking, well-marshalled and well-written survey of the nation's capital; its leading lights, from the President down; its people; its press corps; its dialect; the various agencies and their functions, etc., etc. The author is editor and publisher of the Kiplinger Washington Letter, who went to Washington in 1916 for the *Associated Press* and has been on the capital scene ever since.

★

TIME RUNS OUT, by Henry J. Taylor. 333 pp. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Inc., Garden City, N. Y. \$3.

A clear call through the confusion of the world, warning that "There was never more urgency in the history of mankind. An urgency which challenges the great forces of good to organize, to fight this war quickly and well, all over the world at the same time." Is this book by an outstanding economist, statistician, business man, inventor and finally reporter for the North American Newspaper Alliance. Mr. Taylor began, in October, 1941, a 21,000 mile trip by air that took him through England, Finland, Sweden, Germany, France, Spain and Portugal, then home, after Hitler's declaration of war, by way of Africa and Brazil. This is his report, his summary of the forces pitted against us in this conflict for survival.

Casey has words of praise for the Belgian army: "They were good troops, they were well-trained troops, they were confident with the confidence of workmen who know they're good. . . . Five minutes with them, relaxed or on the march or tense on a hilltop waiting a crucial signal, and you knew that these men meant with chill dispassion to do a distasteful job that they knew they could do. . . . And I shall always believe that they could have done it."

He also has admiration and praise for the French troops: "Recently I have heard comments by some of my colleagues on that front who hindsightedly recall that they saw numerous signs of the wrath to come which they feared to interpret as common sense dictated. I never saw any such signs. What I saw was a fine, orderly military machine which in full realization that there was dire trouble somewhere ahead face the future undisturbed. I thought as nearly everybody else thought who saw these troops at their work that they were going to win. I ate with them, slept with them, froze with them, got shelled and machine-gunned with them. I came to know them as well as I had known my own battery in the other war and I thought that if they weren't the best troops in the world someone had been doctoring the statistics. . . . Whatever you may have gathered about the French army, whatever you may think about it, this is true, it was a fine, brave army."

HE went to England believing that Hitler surely would take the British Isles. You see the things that made him change his opinion—that filled him with admiration for a people more concerned with what happened to other people than what happened to themselves.

In his chapters dealing with the blitz, with the fires that swept London, Casey has written some of the finest descriptive passages to come out of the war.

The book ends with Correspondent Casey enroute through the submarine zone to the Mediterranean and Africa. There's another book in his African adventures, when the censors permit him to tell it. And we'll probably give it as much space as we have this one—for we're sure it will be equally as good as "I Can't Forget." But then, of course, as we've already admitted, we are somewhat prejudiced in regard to this scrivener Casey.

Book Notes

H. L. Mencken reports that he has virtually completed a new volume of miscellaneous memoirs, continuing the anecdotal autobiography begun in "Happy Days" and "Newspaper Days." The new book will cover a much wider range in time than either of its predecessors; there's at least one story that dates from the author's tenth year, and at least one as recent as prohibition. The new book will probably be called "Heathen Days." Mr. Mencken expects to deliver the complete manuscript in September and Knopf plans publication in January, 1943.

★

Ken McCormick, for the past seven years Chief Associate Editor of Doubleday, Doran & Co., has been made editor-in-chief of that firm. Since 1935, Mr. McCormick has coordinated virtually all of the editorial work on the Doubleday list as well as making trips throughout the country to visit Doubleday authors and interview new writers. The position of associate editor will be assumed by Don Elder, with Doubleday's for six years. James Poling will continue as managing editor.

Cruising for Copy

[Concluded from page 5]

chantmen in our convoy was hit and began to settle into the water. Our destroyers stood by to pick up survivors.

THE attack continued throughout the night. There was a wave of high flying Dorniers whose bombs fell close enough to drench me with water as they exploded; then a new attack by dive bombers, joined this time by E-boats. Suddenly a green flag went up, indicating that a torpedo attack was coming from starboard. I stood on the bridge and watched its silver wake and I remember thinking "I wonder if this is it?" Our cruiser heeled over sharply, almost throwing me off my feet, and the "tin fish" sped by, missing us by feet.

Our destroyers, warned by the torpedo that submarines had joined in the battle, began heaving depth charges in all directions.

The attack by planes continued intermittently throughout the night. No one got any sleep; no one wanted to sleep. The attacking planes dropped brilliant flares to guide their bombs. One stick of bombs fell so close that the whole ship shivered and a deluge of water poured over the decks.

The final attack was made by E-boats. We could see them roaring in, silhouetted in our searchlights. One swerved and launched a torpedo which barely missed our cruiser. Our guns blasted at the speed-boats with everything they had, but the elusive E-boats got away in the darkness. For two hours there was a continuous melee—speed-boats, submarines, aerial bombs. Heaven knows how they all missed us.

It wasn't until several hours after the attack ended that I began to take stock of my notes and assemble my story. But that's another unusual feature of covering naval action. Your story, no matter how hot, can't be filed until you're safely back at your base. And in my case that meant a three-day wait, until my return to United Press headquarters in Alexandria.

LOOKING back on that assignment, I think I was most impressed by the hardships imposed on the lookouts, navigators and the gunners who stood at their posts during those dangerous hours from twilight till dawn.

All who participated in that battle were called upon to exert every ounce of their strength and bravery for hours under the terrific strain of keeping their eyes glued to the horizon for low-flying planes, submarines, tiny E-boats and the ominous wake of torpedoes.

I was impressed, too, by the work of our photographer, David Prosser, who kept loading and snapping his candid camera throughout the action.

Those men who manned the guns and kept our ship running on what seemed the brink of hell appeared to be superhuman, and yet they proved themselves very human indeed when, during attacks that seemed to offer little hope of surviving the avalanche of bombs, torpedoes and gunfire, they hummed familiar ditties such as the British favorite: "She was poor but she was honest, victim of a rich man's whim."

IT would be kidding myself to say I wasn't scared. But I found myself joining the gunners in their songs. And one couldn't help being inspired by the example of fellows who were feeding hungry, red-hot four and six inch guns with the precision of automatons, and by the men below decks who couldn't distinguish between our own guns and the exploding bombs, yet never looked up from their tasks.

Personally, I had bargained for action, and I'd seen more than enough. But those British sailors felt differently. They were sadly disappointed when informed that Italian battleships, which once threatened to move into the action, had retired without giving the outgunned British destroyers and cruisers a chance to fight it out.

Don't Use Big Words

[Concluded from page 9]

Walter Raleigh, Edmund Spenser, Lyly, Christopher Marlowe.)

PERHAPS if we used more short sentences and short words our writings might be remembered—and quoted.

"And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

So in more modern times, the Philosopher Franklin, the Poet Kipling, and the Editor Brisbane, all strove for the utmost simplicity. They **CHOSE** short words.

I believe that little trick was in no small

degree the secret of their punch and style. It was their little secret. So far as I know they never bragged about it, or even "gave it away"; but I got a big kick when I found it out.

Here is one from sales manager Hugh Chalmers, who started salesmen's training classes with the National Cash Register Company. He taught his men that "Whatever we need, we must pay for whether we buy it or not"—good philosophy and "plainly told" in short words. And more recently:

"It takes less time to do a thing right

than to explain why you did it wrong." Here is some simply phrased thoughts that are going the rounds in business and electrical circles today:

"Do what no one else does."—C. P. Steinmetz.

"More goods for more people at less cost."

"The more electricity you use, the cheaper it gets."

"It costs less to live better."

"To have a thing is nothing, if you've not the chance to show it; and to know a thing is nothing, unless others know you know it."—Lord Nancy.

"When you buy electricity, you buy work."

"When you buy domestic electricity, you buy housework; and if you buy enough of it, you don't have to hire it—i.e., you don't need a maid. For you have shifted the drudgery from the home where it was a burden to the powerhouse where it belongs, and where it's welcome."

Here follows a big share of the farm electrification story in 76 words:

"At the five cent rate, you can pump the water for the farm and the house for five cents a day; milk a cow twice daily for eight cents a month; wash the clothes for ten cents a month; make the ice for the house for five cents a day; saw a cord of wood for five cents; hoist seven tons of hay for five cents; light the house and farm for five cents a day; and churn 100 pounds of butter for five cents."

All these words are monos except water, hundred and butter, i.e.: "terms that all can understand."

FINALLY, an inch of space or two minutes of time holds more words when the words are short. Of course, we must also see that it holds more ideas as well.

This article is merely to suggest that we might learn something from the methods used by the great writers of the past, for their ideas, clearly expressed in simple words, have survived through the years and the centuries.

ISN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT THEIR METHOD WAS ONE OF THE BIG SECRETS OF THEIR POWER? AND THEIR CHARM?

"Give me liberty, or give me death."

"Fifty-four forty or fight"—both masterpieces as to substance, brevity, and power. And they're easy to remember, too.

To sum up:

1. Short words and short sentences add punch and clearness.
2. Everybody knows exactly *what* you mean.
3. They get *all* your meaning.
4. You are not likely to be *misunderstood*, or *half understood*.
5. They can easily *remember* what you said, or wrote.

THE WRITE OF WAY

By William A. Rutledge III

Confession Mags

AN important and really lucrative writing field, more dominated by the ladies of the typewriter than the men, is the confession magazine.

Most of the articles are anonymously written unless the subject consents to a by-line for a ghost-written piece. Newspapermen, as most of the SDX boys are, come into intimate and constant contact with prospective material for these magazines. Most any city desk worker must handle several potential stories in a month.

The rewards are substantial, payments ranging from 1 to 5 cents per word and the markets will take lengths from 2,500 words to book-length effusions.

The slant and handling of the material is the most important consideration. Most any dramatic human interest story, involving relations between men and women and their children and other family connections, is a possibility.

The story behind a divorce case, a murder, a separation, domestic court action may have the qualities which can be converted into dramatic and salable copy.

THE No. 1 point for the writer to bear in mind is that this type of writing requires a convincing ring of sincerity and truth. These events in the course of some human lives are tragedies, the deepest and most dramatic events in the lives of many everyday folks involved. A facetious and light-hearted treatment just won't do.

In the actual writing the scenes and reactions of events upon the characters must be vividly portrayed. The reader must be able to visualize how they looked and "see" through the type just how they acted and reacted. Mere descriptive writing will not suffice. The characters must become real images.

Editors of confession magazines wear out no end of pencils writing the notation on rejections: "This story lacks sincerity and plausibility." The writer must feel what the characters felt under the circumstances of the story and convey that feeling to the reader.

It is only stories with those qualities which can get under the skin of the readers and make them feel like crying, cheering, getting mad, etc. These magazines cater to reader emotions and feelings—those associated with love, romance, home, and personal affairs.

The story must have its origin in fact. The writer is allowed some liberty and license in plotting and handling the details. But the story must have its inspiration in actual fact.

Another point is that something must happen. You can't just parade your characters into scene after scene. There must

be a semblance of plot and action. If he loved the other man's wife, what did he do about it? If he did something, it's a story. If he didn't, it's hardly a yarn.

A confession magazine writer is dealing with life-in-the-raw, as it appears to this column.

LISTEN to the editorial credo of Henry Lieferant, editor of *True Story* magazine, the leader in this field, and self-described as "an institution in two million American homes."

"Our present policy can be summed up in a few words. We want great stories—epic stories of American life. By this we do not mean stories dealing with terrible melodrama or of unusual happenings. The ordinary life, the American scene, the American setting, presented beautifully on a grand scale is what we look for.

"Every family has its problems. These problems are vital to the people who experience them. Such problems are by no means ordinary to us. Courtship, young marriage, mature marriage, family life—all that done on a grand scale is what we are looking for. We look for stories that have a light, that guide and inspire, but never preach. A beautiful story like a beautiful girl speaks for itself. The story should be constructive and never sordid. The relationship of the sexes should be beautiful and inspiring and romantic and

glamorous; never in bad taste. The taste of the American people is good. We want stories to be in good taste."

Lieferant is also editor of three other confession mags, *True Romances*, *True Love*, and *True Experiences*. His editorial office is at 205 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Fawcett publishes a number of magazines in the same field, whose address is 1501 Broadway, New York City.

The best advice to a writer with a hankering to shoot for the checks in this field is to look over the confession magazines on the stands. Scout around until you find one that appeals to you. That's the one where your copy is most likely to get maximum consideration.

Or, if you have rather a contemptuous attitude towards all the confession magazines, better try your typewriter talents on another type of periodical.

See you next month!

Contests

Budding authors or established literateurs serving as officers or enlisted men with the United States Army are invited to compete in the contest being sponsored by Doubleday Doran & Co., Inc., for the best fiction or non-fiction manuscript submitted by an army man or woman before Sept. 30, 1943. At least ten thousand words of completed manuscript and a synopsis of the remainder must be submitted. The winner will be awarded a \$1,000 United States Bond as an outright prize, in addition to the usual book royalties. The editors of Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., shall be the sole judges of the contest and should, in their opinion, no manuscript qualify for the award, they reserve the right not to make it. Doubleday, Doran shall have the right to publish, on terms to be arranged, any manuscript submitted to the contest other than the prize-winner. Typewritten manuscripts are preferred but legible manuscripts in longhand will receive equal consideration. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Service Contest Editor, Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., 14 West 49 Street, New York City.

\$2,500 Prize Offered for Best Book Written by Working U. S. Journalist

A NEW competition for the best non-fiction book by a working American journalist, with a first prize of \$2,500, has been announced by Alfred A. Knopf, New York book publisher.

In making the announcement, Mr. Knopf declared:

"Working newspaper people have written many of our best books. I've been lucky enough to publish some of them myself, including Mencken, Shirer, Lee Stowe, Henry Haskell, Scotty Reston and Paul Gallico, to name only a few. Many working newspaper people today are, I believe, engaged in either writing books or planning books to be written when time and circumstances allow. To encourage such newsmen to exercise their individual talents on their individual projects, I have instituted this award. If it results in two or three young fellows doing those first-rate books they've been planning for years, I'll be happy."

The competition, Mr. Knopf stated, is open to any American citizen, male or female, who is regularly employed by

any English-language newspaper, news magazine of general circulation, press association or syndicate. Only works of non-fiction will be considered, and plays, poems occasional essays and collections of previously published or broadcast material are specifically excluded. Competitors are required to submit complete manuscripts, which must reach Mr. Knopf's offices not later than June 1, 1943. The judges will be H. L. Mencken, of the *Baltimore Sunpapers*, Arthur Robb, of *Editor and Publisher*, Irving Brant of the *Chicago Sun*, and Mr. Knopf.

The prize of \$2,500 will consist of an outright grant of \$1,000, and an additional \$1,500 as advance against royalties. Mr. Knopf expects to publish the prize-winning book on standard royalty terms; and he expects to make publishing arrangements on the usual basis with other competitors than the prize-winner.

Brochures setting forth the terms of the competition in full detail, and including formal entry blanks, may be had on request from the publisher's office, 501 Madison Avenue, New York City.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

under his arm, was quoted in *Editor & Publisher* as having said:

"If it seems a coincidence that this story and facts are similar, I want to say that in 1905 Henry L. Mencken wrote a story giving the lineup of the Japanese and Russian fleets, two weeks before they met in battle."

(The defense of Johnston and the *Tribune* was that his knowledge of naval operations and "Jane's Fighting Ships" enabled him to figure out the probable strength and lineup of the Jap fleet off Midway, and that he did not reveal secret information.)

IT so happened that we had read of Mencken's feat not so long previously in his very interesting "Newspaper Days—1899-1906," recently published by Alfred A. Knopf. We had made a note of that episode, intending to bring it to you in this department.

Now that Mr. Johnston has focused attention on it in connection with the *Tribune* hearing, guess there's no better time than this to tell you something about one of the most unusual newspaper incidents we've ever heard.

Not that we would recommend the practice described to any of our readers, but merely for the record!

MENCKEN terms the feat "my masterpiece of all time, with the sole exception of my bogus history of the bathtub, printed in the *New York Evening Mail* on Dec. 28, 1917."

It was a synthetic war dispatch printed in the *Herald* on May 30, 1905. Mr. Mencken was then managing editor of the *Herald*. The subject was the Battle of Tsushima or Korea Straits, fought on May 27 and 28.

The managing editors of the country, he relates, had known for weeks the battle impended, had a pretty good idea where it would be fought and, on May 27, got bulletins indicating the conflict was under way. More bulletins the next day strengthened the reports the battle was on but gave no details.

Mencken and George Worsham, news editor of the *Herald*, waited through May 27, 28 and all day of the 29th hoping for a dispatch that would warrant getting out an extra. They had assembled cuts galore, clippings and what not to supply background, color and sidelights. But nothing but bulletins saying little or nothing came over the wires.

ON the evening of the third day, Mencken reports, he retired to his cubbyhole of an office and started writing the

story of the battle. He gave it a dateline from Seoul and then let it roll! He laid it on, as he notes they used to say in those days, "with a trowel." Worsham read copy and "contributed many illuminating details."

Both of them, Mencken relates, had pored long and hard over maps; had accumulated a knowledge of the terrain that would put a China coastal pilot to shame; and had learned the names of all the ships and their commanders, on both sides, by heart.

Well, they spun the story in detail. They described the arrival of the Russians, the onslaught of the Japs, the smoke and roar of the battle. No one knew at that moment who had won, but they figured that out too, and, to lend verisimilitude to their narrative, mentioned every ship by name, sending most of the Russian fleet to Davy Jones' locker.

They spilled the story all over the *Herald* the following day. It was, as Mr. Bencken observes, "a beat on the world" and remained so for nearly two weeks. When the details of the battle finally came through, Worsham and Mencken found they "had guessed precisely right in every particular of the slightest importance, and on many fine points . . . had even beaten the Japs themselves."

Years later, he adds, reading a first-hand account of the battle by an actual participant, he was "gratified to note we were still right."

WE don't feel that such faking is good newspaper practice and we don't believe Mr. Mencken does either, or that he would tolerate it today from anyone on his staff—but it is uncanny how a reporter, steeped in the background of an impending story and knowing his principals and history, can forecast or even write a hold-for-release on the "shape of things to come."

SPEAKING of "Jane's Fighting Ships," a standard reference volume the world over and frequently quoted in dispatches pertaining to naval engagements and losses, brings up the fact the volume was published recently in this country for the first time.

The Macmillan company, under whose imprint it received its American baptism, sent out a news release which contained many interesting facts concerning the annual, now in its forty-fifth edition.

"Jane's Fighting Ships, 1941" contains more than 3,000 photographs and drawings and official data was supplied by various Admiralties, Ministries of Marine, Ministries of Defense, Navy Departments and Naval Staffs, as well as many officers in the Dutch, Indian, Polish, Norwegian, Roumanian, Swedish, Greek, Brazilian, Australian and United States Navies. There are also many unofficial collaborators as well as anonymous friends who have helped the editor, Francis E. McMurtrie, A.I.N.A., in this gigantic job.

Originally the textual information in Jane's was confined to the date of each vessel's launching, her length, armament, main protection and sea speed, with notes of differences between sister ships, and occasional remarks. Gradually these particulars have been extended to cover displacement, complement, beam, draught, type of machinery and boilers, horse power, fuel capacity and builders, with deck plans and elevation drawings of the more important vessels.

"FIGHTING SHIPS" was founded in 1897 by Fred T. Jane, an artist-journalist with a highly original mind. Son of a Devonshire rector, he was intended for an army career, but failed to pass the examination, so was forced to depend on his brush and pen for a living. He conceived the idea of such a book after reading the news of the bombardment of Alexandria as a youth of 17.

His first endeavor was to compile a list of the warships engaged in that action, with as many particulars as he could gather concerning them. During the eighties he filled a bulky sketch book with drawings of every armoured ship, British and foreign, then in existence. The first issue of "Fighting Ships" is an amazing piece of work, every one of its 500 pictures of warships having been drawn by Jane in such a way that the salient features of each type were brought out clearly. Recognition at a distance was facilitated by the silhouette index, arranged on Jane's special system. This method of identifying warships is still a feature of the book.

Francis E. McMurtrie, since 1904 the editor of "Jane's Fighting Ships," was born in London in 1884 and educated at Salway College. He has long contributed to the general and technical press in England and from 1928 to 1940 served on the staff of the *Daily News* and *News Chronicle* as Naval and Shipping Correspondent. With H. C. Bywater he wrote "The Great Pacific" and with the late W. B. Wall "The Romance of Navigation."

A special feature of this 1941 edition is the 36-page section on war losses which lists approximately 700 boats lost in action till April of 1942. Among the well-known ships whose pictures are included in this section are the Bismarck, Graf Spee, Prince of Wales, Repulse, Arizona, Oklahoma, Utah, etc. The foreword points out that "in addition to these losses which have been officially announced, there are others, chiefly in enemy navies, concerning which it is almost impossible to obtain full and exact information. In such circumstances no claim to have sunk a ship can be admitted as a certainty unless after the most searching investigation there is definite evidence to support it. Similarly, no attempt has been made to record more details concerning British losses than those which have been disclosed officially, as it is not the province of 'Fighting Ships' to furnish any information which could be of the slightest assistance to the enemy."

THE QUILL for September, 1942

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SERVING UNCLE SAM

RICHARD C. KLINE (Drake '40), formerly on the copy desk of the Des Moines (Ia.) *Tribune*, is now taking preliminary training as a Naval aviation cadet at the U. S. Navy Pre-Flight school at St. Marys College, Calif. At Drake, Kline edited the *Drake Times-Delphic*, was president of the Sigma Delta Chi chapter and a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

THEODORE J. REIFF (Wisconsin '39) was graduated from the U. S. Army officers training school at Fort Benning, Ga., July 31, and has been ordered to foreign duty. Reiff was treasurer of the Wisconsin chapter of Sigma Delta Chi in his senior year.

NORTH BIGBEE (Southern Methodist '31), formerly in charge of public relations for the Texas division of the Mid-Continent Oil and Gas Association, has been commissioned a first lieutenant in the Air Corps and has reported for duty in Florida.

LIEUT. JOHN W. KAYSER (Oklahoma '24), former news editor of the Chickasha (Okla.) *Star*, published by his father, J. W. Kayser, has returned to Camp Swift, Texas, after a stay in Chickasha to recuperate from an appendicitis operation.

HAROLD R. RUBIN (Oklahoma '41), former reporter for the San Antonio (Tex.) *Evening News*, has been attending the officers candidate school of the Army Air Force in Miami Beach, Fla.

LIEUT. (jg) EDWIN V. GARMAN (Ohio State '29) has been named division and watch officer at the Naval Training School for Yeoman at the Indiana University, Bloomington. Following graduation from Ohio State, Lieut. Garman served as assistant to director, U. S. Wage and Hour Division, Cleveland; assistant to district manager and Labor Relations Advisor, Ohio WPA; and as assistant city editor of the *Akron Times-Press*.

MAJ. MANNING SEIL (Illinois '26), who once taught journalism at the University of Illinois and whose folks have had a paper for years in Grayville, Ill., is head of public relations at the Army Air Force Navigation School, Hondo, Texas.

MICHAEL KENNEDY (Montana State '33), former state supervisor of the Montana WPA Writers' Project, about which, with **EDWARD B. REYNOLDS** (Montana State '40), he wrote in *THE QUILL* for June, 1942, is in the Army, having enlisted in an ordnance regiment. He is assigned to Co. I, 3rd Battalion, 301st Ordnance Regiment, Camp Sutton, N. C. Reynolds succeeded him as supervisor of the Montana WPA Writers' Project.

PILOT OFFICER RONALD DODDS (Washington '37) may be addressed at No. 9 Air Observer School, St. Johns, P. Q., Canada.

PFC ELMO E. ISRAEL (Emory '41), who, before his induction into the Army on Feb. 5, 1942, was connected with Radio Station WSB, Atlanta, is assigned to the public relations Department at Fort McPherson, Georgia, where he handles regular radio shows for the Fort and, in addition, does some feature writing for newspapers and magazines locally. He also handled publicity for Atlanta's United

Brothers in Arms



Ensigns Robert and Parry Dodds

Ensign Robert H. Dodds (Iowa State '37), left above, and his brother, Ensign Parry Dodds (Iowa State '39), right, are sons of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Dodds, Ames, Iowa. Their father, like them, a member of the Iowa State chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, is a member of the engineering faculty at the school.

Ensign Robert Dodds was for three years on the staff of *Engineering News Record*, then spent a year at the Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University. He is now in the Civ. Eng. Corps, U.S.N.R., Edgewater (N. J.) Naval Medical Supply Depot. (The broken arm was not the result of actual combat.)

Ensign Parry Dodds, for two years on the faculty at Massachusetts State College, Amherst, Mass., and editor of *Farm Facts* there, is now in the Supply Corps, U.S.N.R., stationed at the Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.

War Work Fund, a war chest for 10 service agencies.

HARRY KELSEY (Michigan '42), former president of the Sigma Delta Chi chapter at the University of Michigan is in training at the United States Coast Guard Academy, Groton, Conn., for a commission.

DR. LAURENCE R. CAMPBELL (Northwestern Professional) has resigned from the staff of the Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University, to become assistant professor in the Department of Journalism, University of California, Berkeley. He succeeds **PROF. JAMES L. C. FORD** (Wisconsin Professional), who is the new dean of the University of Montana School of Journalism.

EDMUND E. JOHNSON (Minnesota '41) is managing editor, and **HERBERT DESHONG** (Southern Methodist '33) is associate editor of *Skyline*, by-monthly magazine published by the Public Relations Department of North American Aviation, Inc. Johnson is located at Inglewood, Calif., while DeShong is in Kansas City, Kansas.

WHO-WHAT-WHERE

CLAUDE C. CURTIS (Missouri '28) on Aug. 1, in partnership with his father, W. T. Curtis, a Texas weekly newspaper publisher and for 39 years member of Texas Press Association, bought the *Heart O' Texas News* at Brady, Texas. Claude C. is manager, handling advertising and business, and contributing news features and pinch-hitting on linotype when necessary. His father is editor and shop superintendent.

DON THOMPSON (Drake '25), who has been producing "Hawthorne House" for NBC in San Francisco, has taken over, in collaboration with Ray Buffum, the writing assignment on that veteran dramatic serial. Thompson also writes "This Is Your Home," a program on the history of furniture, for a local account.

BILL CALDWELL (Minnesota) was the author of "Rubber on the Rebound," which appeared recently in *Esquire*. He is on the staff of the *Minnesota Daily* and has worked on the *Detroit Lakes Record* and the *Winona (Minn.) Daily Republican-Herald*.

PAUL T. MILLER (Oklahoma '31), executive assistant to the general manager of the *Associated Press*, in charge of AP membership and promotion, since April, 1941, has been appointed chief of the AP's Washington bureau, succeeding the late Brian Bell. He has been succeeded in New York by **VICTOR HACKLER** (Nebraska '27).

JOSEPH W. HICKS (Oklahoma '23), for 16 years public relations executive in Chicago for the Standard Gas & Electric Co. system, and, since last March, director of public relations for the National Confectioners' Association, has opened an office as public relations and industrial relations counsel at 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

JACK O. HODGES (Stanford '29) is now with King Publications, 503 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif., as California advertising salesman.

EDWIN F. ABELS, publisher of the *Lawrence (Kan.) Outlook*, who was elected president of the National Editorial Association at the 57th annual convention of that organization in Quebec, is a professional member of the University of Kansas chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity. He succeeds **RAYMOND B. HOWARD**, publisher of the *Madison Press*, London, O., professional member of the University of Florida chapter of SDX.

RAYMOND F. HOWES, professional member of the Cornell University chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity and assistant to the Provost of the university, has been appointed acting director of the Department of Public Information at Cornell.

VERN HAUGLAND (Montana '31), *Associated Press* staff man in Australia, has been reported missing after a plane in which he was a passenger disappeared in a storm en route to the New Guinea war front. Haugland, '34, was born in Litchfield, Minn., was graduated from Montana State College in 1931 and worked on papers in Missoula and Butte before joining the AP in 1936.

Medill Will Offer Production Course

When the newspaper production laboratories now being installed in the Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University are complete, Medill will be the only Class A journalism school in the country offering a fully equipped production set-up solely for instructional purposes.

Believing that there is a growing need for more production managers and superintendents and that students with training in only the editorial and business phases of newspaper publishing lack the rounded knowledge necessary to papers, Dean Kenneth E. Olson and Prof. Charles L. Allen several years ago conceived the idea of offering advanced college work in production.

Urged to do so by the Cook County Publishers association, Medill is installing three Linotype machines, two platen presses, and one Miehle flatbed press. These, plus new type faces, the older proof press, composing stones, and type selection, will be used this fall and through the year for teaching men on Cook County papers Linotype maintenance and operation and press work.

In the third quarter, Northwestern students may take advantage of the new laboratories in a Newspaper Production Management course. Although classes have not yet been definitely outlined, they will include training in composing and setting



Corp. Donald E. Cooke

Corp. Cooke tells the interesting story of *YANK*, the Army newspaper, in this issue. He could not give many interesting facts about the paper, such as press run, size of staff, etc., because they are regarded as military secrets.

forms, cost accounting and estimating, and print design and display.

The instructors, Prof. Allen and Prof. Albert A. Sutton, do not hope to turn out printers, for, they say, that is the work of the trade school; rather they wish to prepare students for understanding and eval-

uating production room problems. Several universities throughout the country maintain press laboratories for printing student publications, but none is used primarily for teaching the third aspect of newspaper publishing.

—30—

OLE LANDE (Iowa State '40) died suddenly May 3 due to a rheumatic heart condition. Lande was managing editor of the *Market Growers Journal* in Louisville, Ky., at the time of his death.

WALTER J. CONRATH (Pittsburgh '29), editor and publisher of the *Albion* (Pa.) *News*, died May 7 of injuries sustained in an auto accident the previous day. Conrath was a pioneer member of the American Air Mail Society, and founder of its magazine, the *Airpost Journal*, which he served as editor until his death. Conrath served as president of the University of Pittsburgh chapter of Sigma Delta Chi in 1929.

BRIAN BELL, chief of the Washington bureau of the *Associated Press* and a professional member of the Southern California chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, died June 8 at his home in Arlington, Va., following a heart attack.

He became head of the Washington bureau of the AP Jan. 1, 1939, after serving with the AP in Atlanta, New Orleans, New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco since 1924. He previously had worked 15 years as a member of the staff of the *Columbia* (S. C.) *State*.

He leaves his wife, Mrs. Alberta Bell; a son, Brian, Jr., 17, and a daughter, Mrs. J. William Magee.

It's Your Service!

Employers in all branches of journalism are experiencing difficulties these days in finding the right men for openings.

Men who are available for those openings aren't psychic, either.

For all members of Sigma Delta Chi—both employers and men seeking positions—the fraternity's own Personnel Bureau is the logical place to turn to in solving the problem. The Personnel Bureau is maintained for only one purpose—to serve the members.

Let the Personnel Bureau help YOU make the right contact!

THE PERSONNEL BUREAU
of Sigma Delta Chi
JAMES C. KIPER, Director
35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

A nationwide non-profit service supported by Sigma Delta Chi, Professional Journalistic Fraternity.

Getting News Out of Germany

[Concluded from page 4]

could not be relayed to America until I got the approval of the "Referat" (foreign office official specializing in Dutch press affairs) in Berlin.

I went to see the official concerned. I told him the story I wanted to send, and he raised horrified hands. Nothing like that must go out, he said. I asked whether my information was correct. Obviously, he replied, if our correspondent had it from the Dutch military command.

So we negotiated about what I might send. He suggested I write about a German appeal to the Dutch population to have sympathy for what the German army was trying to do for Holland. Keeping it out of war, protecting it from British aggression, bringing Holland into a new European comity, etc.

In his presence I scribbled a lead which came into my head. It ran something as follows:

"The German foreign office imposed a censorship today on outgoing press dispatches. Departing from previous usage, the government forbade the Associated Press to transmit a report of events in Holland —."

The Referat squirmed a little and protested:

"But there is no censorship in Germany."

"Precisely," I replied. "I know I am free to send the item about the execution in Holland, but I didn't want to do so without your approval because I cannot jeopardize our correspondent in Amsterdam."

THEN he found a way out.

"The story has been printed," he said, "in the German Newspaper in the Netherlands. Here it is. Go ahead, quoting the newspaper, leaving out your correspondent, and me."

Which is what I did. German-American relations were getting worse, and it certainly wasn't my business in Germany to be unnecessarily quarrelsome. I'm not a marine—yet.

Many times, in informal discussions, we suggested the Germans slap down a frank press censorship, and do away with the pretense that the foreign press is free in the Reich.

But they prefer pretending—pretending they aren't hungry, pretending the British air raids don't hurt, pretending a German plane never crashes, pretending the press is free.

AS WE VIEW IT

Out of the Same Cloth?

THERE have been times when we have felt—and have said as much in this department—that the cry “Freedom of the Press” was being overworked by newspaper publishers. Now we’re beginning to wonder if maybe they haven’t reason to be concerned.

This is prompted by a growing series of events pertaining to news gathering, newspaper publishing, the dissemination of news reports, censorship and related activities. These events may or may not be related. They may be entirely coincidental, but, on the other hand, some of them might be somehow connected.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has enjoyed better press relations than probably any other President. He may have no love for some newspapers but he seems to have differentiated between the men representing those papers and the papers themselves.

Furthermore, Freedom of Expression is one of the Four Freedoms which are keystones of the Atlantic charter. To suggest that he would countenance any effort to stifle the press or interfere with the performance of its duty to the American people would be to impugn his motives, to cast discredit upon our entire war effort.

But we are not so sure about some of the past and present members of his administration. And there are those in Congress, smarting under the lash of public indignation, scorn and ridicule, who might not be adverse to taking a poke at the press, either above or below the belt, if they felt they could get away with it.

ONE of the incidents over which we have been concerned, along with many others in the profession, was the Supreme Court decision several months ago which held that local governments could force the sect known as Jehovah’s Witnesses to pay license fees as peddlers before they would be permitted to distribute their literature.

That means, as *Collier’s* pointed out, that the license fee might be any size, that any publication or tract-spreading religious group whom the licensing power happens not to like can be driven out of business in that licensing power’s area by prohibitive fees. This decision might also be used to legalize the licensing of producers of any publication sold on streets or newsstands.

This department holds no brief for Jehovah’s Witnesses. If there is a more obnoxious sect in the country we are not aware of it. Yet, neither the press nor the churches can afford to permit this decision of the Court to go unchallenged. To deny the Bill of Rights to any group may be its denial to all in time.

THEN we were and are concerned with the ruling of the Office of Censorship forbidding the discussion of “pending diplomatic negotiations until they have been completed.”

That restriction might have serious results—if it were interpreted to cover the whole attitude of the State Department toward, say, Vichy or Japan. It has been asserted that the State Department tried to have the original censorship rules written in such a way as to forbid criticism of its policies. If it is permitted to achieve this end through this ruling pertaining to “pending diplomatic negotiations” there might be plenty of room for concern.

Suppose Congress got wind of “pending negotiations” which struck it as unwise. Would discussion be forbidden, or, if permitted in the halls of Congress, would the press be forbidden to present such discussion to the people?

THE QUILL for September, 1942

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT’S recent directive to key government officials ordering them to refrain from interdepartmental bickering and making their disputes public has been interpreted by capital correspondents as being a further indication of restriction on public information.

No one can blame President Roosevelt from trying to stop the bickering which is besetting and hampering the war effort. But if his directive serves to stifle expressions of opinion on the part of officials to the correspondents, or to prevent them

from seeing newspapermen, it will make newsgathering in Washington just that much more difficult.

We’d hate to see newsgathering in Washington become entirely a matter of handouts.

THERE was plenty of reason for concern on the part of the press in regard to the grand jury inquiry into charges that the *Chicago Tribune* had revealed confidential information in Stanley Johnston’s story dealing with the Jap fleet.

That the *Tribune* has no love for the Administration certainly has never been a secret. But to suggest that the *Tribune*, or any other newspaper, would deliberately publish information that would aid the enemy is to cast a reflection upon the entire American press.

If there should be a traitor within its ranks, the press should, and we believe would, be the first to condemn the erring one.

Newspapermen, no matter what their feeling for the *Tribune*, should be glad the grand jury found no cause for action against the paper. At the same time, this inquiry shows how careful the press must be in carrying out its task of bringing news to its readers without involuntarily aiding the enemy.

THE most recent in the series of events we have been citing is the current anti-trust action against the *Associated Press*.

The Government seeks to force the AP to open its membership rolls to any newspaper willing to pay its proportionate share of the cost of gathering news.

Just what may be back of this action we are not prepared to say. But, despite the fact the Government pays high tribute to the news service itself, we wonder if the public may not get a wrong impression, that in a hasty reading of news stories concerning this action that it may jump to conclusions of wrong doing.

AS we said before, these instances may be entirely coincidental. There may be no connection whatsoever. Certainly, however, they indicate the press must be constantly on the alert for attempts to circumscribe its functions.

Significantly Said:

“Today’s newspaper serves many purposes, as all of us know. It offers entertainment for the whole family, guidance for buyers and useful advice on health, housekeeping and other subjects. It interprets world events and provides a forum for the expression of readers’ views. But, most important of all, it reports each day’s happenings promptly, accurately and without bias. This service is essential to the maintenance of an informed electorate, for, as Woodrow Wilson observed, the food of opinion is the news of the day.”—G. B. DEALEY, Chairman of the Board, *Dallas Morning News*; Past National Honorary President, Sigma Delta Chi.

Shed a tear for Sam McQuire...

Don't know what came over Sam. Used to love EDITOR & PUBLISHER like a brother, he said. Never missed an issue, cover to cover, for five years running. Then one day, smack out of a clear sky, the fine Hibernian monicker of McGuire disappeared from our subscription galleys.

At first we figured Sam had left the newspaper business. Well, we were partly right. What happened, according to one of our best spies, was that Sam went over to an advertising agency as a publicity hotshot. Shucks! Somebody ought to tell Sam that we can be just as useful to him now.

EDITOR & PUBLISHER serves a lot of men in important jobs in important agencies. We serve a lot of good guys in national advertisers' offices, too. Ditto . . . as always . . . we serve men who make newspapers.

Any citizen who writes for a newspaper, corrals circulation for a newspaper, helps print a newspaper, sells or buys space in a newspaper . . . can get more than his money's worth from any issue of this sheet. For news and ideas and inspiration and information about newspapers and newspapering have been EDITOR & PUBLISHER's stock in trade for 58 years.

Like Sam McGuire, you can get along without E & P . . . but believe us when we say you can get along at least a little bit better with it.

We think Sam will be back with us . . . now that he knows. Why don't you join him?

Your check for four dollars will bring you E & P for the next important 52 weeks. Mail it today and we'll start our working partnership with the very next issue. EDITOR & PUBLISHER, Times Tower, Times Square, New York.

... he let his E & P "sub" expire!